

DENISON'S MUSICAL COMEDIES AND REVUES



**A Royal
Cut-Up**

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Winning Widow, 2 acts, 1½ hrs. (25c)	2 4

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, Publishers, 623 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

A ROYAL CUT-UP

A Musical Comedy in Two Acts

BY

GEOFFREY F. MORGAN

Former Superintendent of Schools, Athens, Ohio

AUTHOR OF

"In Hot Tamale Land"



CHICAGO

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY

PUBLISHERS



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A ROYAL CUT-UP

As originally produced by Students of the High School at Athens, Ohio.

- HITTEMUP.....*King of Hocus Po, Principal Comedian*
MR. HOMER BAIRD.
- TUTTI-FRUTTI.....*His Chamberlain, Second Comedian*
MR. RICHARD DAGGETT.
- JACK HASTINGS.....*A Local High School Student*
MR. HAROLD WISE.
- TOM BRACKETT*His Chum*
MR. PAUL HALL.
- HARRY HUNTER*His Friend*
MR. HAROLD LIGGETT.
- WALLFLOWER.....*The Villain, Suitor to Poppy*
MR. BAKER YOUNG.
- PHLOX*An Escaped Slave*
MR. LLEWELLYN EVANS.
- PRINCESS POPPY.....*Daughter of Hittemup*
MISS FRANCES CARR.
- ROSE*Her Friend*
MISS BLANCHIE RILEY.
- DUCHESS BAZAZA*Mistress of Etiquette*
MISS FRANCES HATCH.

Eight Students Accompanying JACK: MESSRS. HAROLD ADDICOTT, HAROLD LIGGETT, VERCOE MURPHY, CLYDE BATTIN, CARL BROOKS, ROBERT KEENAN, WALTER MUIR, CLYDE JORDAN.

Eight Flower Fairies, Attendants on POPPY: MISSES CATHERINE BIDDLE, MARIE JEWETT, FRANCES LEE, GRACE RICHARDSON, SYLVIA VIOLET, ELIZABETH EVANS, EDITH ELDER, RUTH HENRY.

Messenger, Guards, Etc.

ACT I. *Afternoon. The Fields of Hocus Po.*

ACT II. *Next Morning. Palace of King Hitemup.*

NOTE.—The same scene and setting may be used for both acts, if desired. A few seats or benches will be needed for the opening of Act II. These can be removed when chorus leaves stage.

TIME OF PLAYING—*About Two Hours.*

NOTES FOR THE DIRECTOR

“A Royal Cut-Up” may best be described as a comedy with music. That is, the story is complete in itself, but special provision has been made for the introduction of a variety of musical numbers in the course of the performance. The piece was written especially for high school and college use, and effort has been made to avoid those difficulties of acting or setting which so often hamper amateur productions. No special scenery is required, and the action is wholly within the capacities of the average high school actors.

The character of the music to be used is left largely to the judgment of the producer. In the original production, the songs were taken from the current musical comedies, as well as from the popular sheet music of the day. Of course it is quite possible to introduce more difficult music if desired. In this case, selections might be introduced from such pieces as “The Fortune Teller,” “Robin Hood,” “Pinafore,” “The Mikado,” or other standard light operas. In many cases, too, the glee and chorus books used by the high school contain numbers which may be adapted. The character of the songs to be used is readily shown by the text. A young lady who declares herself in quest of a real lover will hardly proceed to sing a ragtime comic song, while the comedian, on the other hand, who boasts that he is a gay old sport, is likely to select the kind of song that will justify him in his claims.

Directors should beware, however, of making the musical numbers too heavy. It is a musical comedy, with the accent

on the comedy, and the use of comic costumes, comic songs and comic dances will do much to add to the success of the piece. The songs sung by the King and Tutti-Frutti will also gain by the addition of topical hits and local allusions, which should be written for the occasion. Ballads and love songs should be left for Poppy, Jack and Rose.

The matter of dances is one which will vary greatly in different schools. Care should be taken to avoid any opportunity for criticism, either in the way of costume, actions or business. Graceful steps, something on the order of the minuet, and the mere walking back and forth of boys and girls, or the swaying of garlands, are quite sufficient to give a very pleasing effect, without affording the slightest ground for offense. In schools where esthetic dancing is taught, however, or where there are individuals of skill and training, fancy dances may be introduced with excellent effect. It is not well to introduce anything resembling the so-called modern ballroom dancing.

The line, "chorus if desired," will suggest a number of places where drills or dances may be introduced as an accompaniment to the solo or duet.

SETTING—The setting of the stage for "A Royal Cut-Up" has purposely been made as simple as possible. All entrances and exits are made from the sides, and there are no special features in the way of towers, windows, balconies or other things which so often embarrass the amateur producer. If scenery is used, the back-drop should represent a park, garden, field or wood. Trees and rocks should be represented by the wings. Branches of trees, either natural or artificial, flowers, potted palms and garlands should be used in decorating the stage. A rustic bench is set at one side and a stool or two may stand at the back. If no regular scenery is available, the platform should be decorated as suggested above, and the background covered with curtains, preferably of green cloth. Space should be left at the sides for easy entrance and exit, especially when the chorus dances off at the end of a musical number.

THE CHORUS—The number of people taking part may

be varied from about thirty to a hundred or more. The principal groups are as follows:

1. Flower fairies attending on Poppy. The number of these should correspond to the number of boys with Jack and Tom. Eight to twelve will be found ample, and the number may be reduced to four without injuring the success.

2. Guards attending on King Hitemup. These should range from six to twelve in number. They should be lively, active, with a sense of humor, and able to enter into the spirit of the thing with zest.

3. College or high school boys accompanying Jack. Harry, their spokesman, should be one of the eight, or whatever the number may be. They play opposite Poppy's attendants, and should be selected with reference to height, voice and ability to dance, as the two groups have several numbers together.

4. Fairies of the realm. Their number should correspond with that of the guards, as they may be used for several song numbers. They also appear in the opening, the finale, the reception at the opening of the second act, and elsewhere.

5. A group of elves or brownies. These should be dressed in brown or green and be as small as possible. They appear in the ensemble numbers, and they should also have one special drill during the first or second act.

The above outline calls for five groups averaging eight each, which gives, with the ten principals, a total of fifty altogether. All the numbers may be varied as indicated, provided care is taken to have different groups match.

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES.

Care should be taken to study the descriptions given herewith, as much of the success depends on a proper understanding of the characters. There are two distinct *kinds* of costumes; those of Jack, Tom and the students, who represent the present-day modern world, and those of King Hitemup and his court, who represent the fairy element,

and should be romantic in character. These, together with the characters and make-ups, will now be explained.

HITTEMUP—This is the principal comedian. As he usually appears in company with his Chamberlain, Tutti-Frutti, the two should be chosen to work together. They are a comic team, like Mutt and Jeff, and should present as much contrast as possible. If one is long and thin, make the other short and fat. The King should wear a comic wig, bald, with a fringe of red hair, and a tuft in front or at the sides. He should also wear a false nose, which is fastened on with gum, and then painted to match the rest of the face. Use white grease paint around the eyes and on the upper lip and make the whole appearance as comic as possible. His part calls for plenty of action. When he trembles, his knees must visibly knock together; when he shouts, he must bawl; when he weeps, he must howl. Don't be afraid of over-acting; there is little danger.

His costume consists of doublet, hose and cloak, in the general style of Sir Walter Raleigh. It should be as showy as possible, elaborate, with plenty of tinsel, as befits a fairy king. A small crown the size of a cup, fastened on with an elastic, is a good touch. If home-made costumes are necessary, let it be of bright, flashy colors, with no dirt or patches about it. They are not funny, although they are sometimes affected by the vaudeville tramp.

Tutti-Frutti and the King must work together. It is quite possible for them to exchange solos or to make a duet of each number, if desired. If they are dancers, or acrobats, so much the better. They must try to bring out the point of each other's jokes as much as possible.

TUTTI-FRUTTI—Good comic wig, parting at back, tuft in front. Have a contrast with the King's, however. If one has red, let the other be gray, black or yellow. Make-up of face should be as comic as that of King. Use false nose, but of different shape. Red mustaches are good, or side whiskers. Costume of doublet and tights as gaudy as possible.

JACK—Well cut, well pressed sack suit. May wear white

duck or Palm Beach trousers if desired. White collar, bright tie, straw hat. The time is summer and the costume should suggest it. White shoes and hose give a smart touch. May carry cane if desired.

TOM—Same suggestions as Jack, but do not dress alike.

HARRY—Same as the eight high school boys. See below.

WALLFLOWER—Heavy villain. Black eyebrows, black mustache. Dressed in black doublet and hose, wig of long hair, chain about neck, general appearance of wealth. Make as old and ugly as possible.

PHLOX, THE SLAVE—Very simple costume of shirt and trousers, bare feet if desired, tunic of gray or green cloth does well. Hat or cap of same. Rope round waist for belt.

POPPY—Light costume of pink or blue, hanging in the loose draperies common in pictures of fairies. Garland of flowers in hand, or on dress, or in hair. Shoes and stockings to match dress.

ROSE—Dress similar to that of Poppy, but in contrasting colors. Flowers in hair.

BAZAZA—Showy gown, elaborate trimming, with train and huge ruff something in the style of Queen Elizabeth. Make up to look middle-aged, which will give point to Jack's line, "She must have been blind for eighteen years." Crown or tiara on head, whole get-up as showy, flashy and expensive looking as possible. Always carries a huge fan and a copy of a household magazine.

FLOWER FAIRIES—Costumes of simple draperies similar to Poppy, but of varying colors. Flowers in hair. Use soft shades of pink, blue, yellow, violet, and so on for costumes, but avoid strong, harsh colors.

KING'S GUARDS—Medieval costumes. Spears or swords. Long curled hair. If simpler costumes are desired, make simple blouses and trousers of some bright color, preferably orange, but avoid modern style and cut.

HIGH SCHOOL BOYS—Dress all alike, dark coats, light trousers, ties same color, straw hats. If more convenient,

omit coats entirely and use shirts of same color, preferably white, and uniform ties. Smart and snappy as possible.

ELVES—Regulation costumes.

ON STAGING AND REHEARSING.

It is difficult to make many suggestions which will be of general value, because the problem of staging an amateur show varies with every school that undertakes it. The following hints may be helpful, however, to those who have had only limited experience.

SELECTING THE CAST.—The best way to select the cast is to call all candidates together, explain the character of the play to them, and then distribute books, or a type-written sheet or two, and hold try-outs before a committee. This gives everyone an equal chance and avoids charges of favoritism which are apt to be made if the players are selected in advance. Before making its selections, however, the committee should always consult with the music teacher, English teacher, and others, in order to be sure that the pupils chosen have the required talents for the part. Pupils who must work in teams, such as the college boys and the flower maidens, should be chosen as far as possible from the same "set" or "crowd," so that the group will be harmonious. Avoid idlers, troublesome pupils and those who are not wholly reliable.

In addition to the first cast, it is well for the committee to pick a list of alternates, so that gaps in the original cast may be easily filled. The best plan is to promote from the ranks and then fill the vacant place with an understudy.

When once the cast and chorus have been chosen, the rehearsals should be conducted separately. Few things are more discouraging for young actors than to be asked to stand and wait while a chorus is being drilled, and in the same way it is weary work for the chorus to wait while two people rehearse a dialogue. Let the ten principals work alone, learning the stage business, the exits and entrances, and the solos, while the chorus meets with the

musical director at another time and place. Then, after two weeks of preliminary practice, it will give new life and interest to the rehearsals to bring the whole group together for the complete practice.

Perhaps a few hints on the method of rehearsal will not be out of place. We will take the principals first. Set the hour for rehearsals and see to it that everyone is there on time. Don't run the practice for more than an hour and a half at the most, but make every minute count. Start going through the business, or action, at the very first rehearsal. Never let a pupil say, "I'll do that on the night of the show," or make excuses. Put everything in the first rehearsal that you expect to have at the last one, and then spend all the other rehearsals polishing it and making it smooth and finished. By all means avoid delaying the rehearsal while you discuss such matters as costume and make-up with an individual performer. Do that at another time. Keep going, make everybody work, and stop while they still want to go on.

Let the principals learn their songs at another time, not while the practice is going on. Once they are learned, however, they should be sung as they occur in the course of the piece. If your singers are not experienced, do not require more than one stanza of a solo. Remember that business, or action, is just as important as words in a comedy. The best way to coach is to show by example just how it should be done. Make the actor stand out in front, and watch the gestures, and hear the lines, as the coach delivers them. Don't waste much time asking the pupil to think, and to reason, and to use his imagination. You will save much time and get better results by demonstrating just how it goes. If you realize that a pupil is hopeless, drop him, or shift him to a minor part, before it is too late. Do not wait till the last week; it is almost impossible then.

Insist that the principals learn their lines by the third or fourth rehearsal. The spoken part is not long and the lines are short and easy. Don't waste time letting pupils

go on reading aloud to each other. There is no freedom while the book is used. Buy plenty of books, by the way, and don't waste time and energy having pupils copy parts. It is far cheaper to supply everyone with a copy.

In rehearsing the chorus, the first step is to gather the pupils around a piano and teach them all the words and tunes of all the songs used. This applies to the refrain, of course, since they will have no occasion to use the verse. Do not attempt to teach any steps, or entrances, or exits, or motions of any kind, until the chorus can sing every word of every song. Of course all the pupils do not appear in all the numbers, but it will save time to teach them in any case.

Once the songs are known, take each group separately and drill it in the required steps and business. The first solo, for example, is sung by Poppy. She is alone on the stage at the time, but it gives a pretty effect to have all the girls, or the eight flower fairies, or eight girls and eight guards, appear from the wings during the chorus, and go through some simple steps. These should be explained a line at a time and then rehearsed and rehearsed so that when the number is tried out with Poppy present it will go without a hitch. The entrance of the King introduces a comic song and dance. This should be really comic and call for some prancing steps by the royal guards. The best plan is to select a four-line or eight-line stanza and then devise steps which fit the same number of counts. Be sure that the chorus comes in promptly on the first line and leaves just as promptly on the last. Be sure to rehearse all encores, and train the pupils to hold themselves in readiness to repeat the original entrance. This is not always easy, because they may leave the stage in a different order from that required for entrance.

With the chorus rehearsals, as with the cast, the important thing is to keep them busy, to leave no time for loafing, and to stop before they want you to. Then, when both groups have the play well in hand, call a full rehearsal and begin fitting the whole thing together. They will be rattled.

of course, and much repetition will be necessary, but it will round out in time.

An excellent plan during the period of rehearsals is to have an informal party and "spread" after the evening's practice. Many schools have a banquet, with the dreaded toasts, and so forth, after a performance is over, but an informal meal while the work of preparation is going on will do far more for the spirit and enthusiasm of the cast, and for the success of the performance.

The whole time of preparation should not exceed four weeks. It can be done in three, but the work is more intensive. Don't let it drag, in any case. Pupils and coach alike lose interest and spirit, and the show is apt to "go dead," as the saying is. Need I say that tickets should be sold in advance and the play well advertised? No, if you ever had anything to do with an amateur show in your life, I need not!

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means right of stage; *C.*, center; *R. C.*, right center; *L.*, left; *1 E.*, first entrance; *U. E.*, upper entrance; *R. 3 E.*, right entrance up stage, etc.; up stage, away from footlights; down stage, near footlights. The actor is supposed to be facing the audience.

A ROYAL CUT-UP

ACT I.

SCENE: *The fields of Hocus Po. Meadows or gardens stretch away to mountains in distance. Trees, rocks, etc., at side. Rustic seat at L. of stage. Opening chorus by FLOWER FAIRIES, KING'S ATTENDANTS, etc., ROSE and POPPY on stage. At close of opening, chorus exits, leaving ROSE and POPPY. Use any graceful swinging song, introducing simple drill or steps.*

POPPY. Well, everyone in the land of Poppies is happy, except me, and I'm miserable. I think it's too bad. (*Sits on bench L.*)

ROSE. Does the king still want you to marry Prince Wallflower? (*Standing C.*)

POPPY. Yes, he insists on it. You see, the prince is wealthy, and you know father is—dead broke.

ROSE. I don't see so much to object to in Wallflower. You must admit he's got a handsome nose.

POPPY. Yes, his nose *is* the scenter of attraction, but it'll take more than that to attract me. Oh, if only some handsome lover would come along. I wouldn't hesitate then!

ROSE. Oh, oh, you're willing to marry *someone*, are you?

POPPY. Did you ever know a girl who wasn't?

ROSE. Never, unless it was a girl from (*local town*).

POPPY. If only I weren't a princess it would be simple enough, but marriage in high life generally consists of two vacant hearts entirely surrounded by cash. You see father has just *lost* a million dollars.

ROSE. Hasn't he any trace of the villain who robbed the royal coffers?

POPPY. Not the slightest.

ROSE. No wonder the king is so anxious to have you marry Wallflower. He has plenty of money.

POPPY. Well, I don't care if he has. He's old and fat

and ugly, and I hate him, and I won't marry him if I have to die an old maid. So there! (*Stamp at old, fat, ugly and hate.*)

ROSE. The king'll be awfully angry when you tell him, won't he?

POPPY. Yes, but you needn't stay if you don't want to. You slip over to the palace and I'll join you after I have broken the unpleasant news.

ROSE. All right, but don't be long. (*Exit ROSE, R. 1 E.*)

POPPY (*rising*). Poor father. How anxious he is to get the money. But I must have a handsomer man than that horrid Wallflower. I'm not willing to accept the first suitor that comes walking into the Valley of Hocus Po.

Song, POPPY and Chorus. Use ballad. Chorus enters on refrain, exit at close.

At close of solo, voice of DUCHESS BAZAZA is heard calling. She enters R. 1 E. She is a fright—fat, forty, overdressed, much painted, tremendous headdress, a fan, and always carries a copy of a household journal. This is a character low-comedy part.

BAZAZA (*in severe tone*). Poppy, my child, why are you out here all by yourself without a chaperone? I'm shocked!

POPPY. Oh, you needn't be, Duchess. I should think I could stroll in my own garden by myself if I wanted to.

BAZAZA. Oh, no! *Why* don't you know it's not *etiquette*? Now listen, the "Journal" says (*turning leaves*)—er—let me see. "How to make a kimono"—no, that's not it—er—mince pie, baby food—ah, here it is (*reading*). "Young girls out walking should always be accompanied by a chaperone. *She is a necessary evil.*"

POPPY. Who says that?

BAZAZA. That's in Professor (*local*) column, so you *can't* dispute it. Now tell me, Poppy, have you decided to marry Prince Wallflower?

POPPY. No, I've decided I'll never, never marry him. (*Stamps.*)

BAZAZA. But, my dear, he's connected with the best families.

POPPY. Well, if he is, it's by telephone.

BAZAZA. And he'll make you an ideal husband. Every girl should have an ideal for her husband. I have. (*Romantically.*) Now, the man I marry must be courageous, brave—a hero, afraid of absolutely nothing.

POPPY (*disgusted*). Yes—I should think he would have to be!

BAZAZA. Besides, you are disobeying your father, and that's wrong. Now the "Journal" says (*same business as before*)—er, "frying in lard"—er, no—"tattooing"—no, ah, here it is (*reads*)—"a young girl should always do what her father wishes, unless his wishes are not her wishes, in which case her wishes—"

POPPY. That sounds wishy-washy.

BAZAZA. Naturally—it's in the "Household Journal."

POPPY. I thought so, but I won't listen to any more. (*Going left.*)

BAZAZA (*following*). It is my duty, Poppy, my love, to guide you in all matters of etiquette, and I intend to do so. Duty, my child, is something we must obey. Now the "Journal" says—(*exit both L. & E.*)

Music. Enter KING, CHAMBERLAIN and MEN'S CHORUS from R. Comic song, solo or duet, with chorus.

(*After first verse the following scene takes place between KING and his CHAMBERLAIN concerning chorus, who have been doing clumsy steps in background during song.*)

KING. See here, Tutti-Frutti, the work of these Royal Preserves is something awful. They don't have the slightest idea of what a comic opera chorus ought to be. Why, every one of these men is a stage fright. (*Blank silence on the part of everyone.*) I said—everyone of these men is a stage fright. It's a joke—laugh. (*N. B.—This is the KING'S catch phrase.*)

(*Every man laughs uproariously, slaps his knees and howls, etc.*)

KING (*suddenly*). That'll do! (*Everyone stops instantly.*) Now you must strive to have more grace and beauty in your motions—more poetry. There's absolutely no poetry about you at present. It's more like the verse in the (*local paper*). Now watch me. (*Steps, business, etc.*) In that last song, when you say (*quote line of song*), you should raise your arm like this, see. (*Business with arms.*) That's the way it's done. If you can't do any better, back you go to Yonkers (*localize*).

TUTTI-FRUTTI. But, your majesty, perhaps you forget you must adhere—

KING. We must what?

TUTTI-FRUTTI. We must adhere—

KING. What must we add?

TUTTI-FRUTTI. I didn't say we must add anything.

KING. Oh, fie on you, Ferdinand, to contradict your papa. You distinctly said that here was the place to add something, and I want to know what it was.

TUTTI-FRUTTI (*looking him over*). I'm afraid I don't make myself plain.

KING. I don't see how you could be any plainer.

TUTTI-FRUTTI. But what I wanted to say was—

KING. Now see here. Are you the *king* around here?

TUTTI-FRUTTI. No.

KING. Then don't talk like a fool. Now then, I'll pitch the second inning of this song, and see if you can hit the bases any better.

Sings second verse. Chorus shows improvement. Exit the guards at close.

TUTTI-FRUTTI. Now, your majesty, if you are ready to talk business, here are a number of bills waiting to be paid.

KING. Just tell the royal treasurer to draw on my bank for the amount.

TUTTI-FRUTTI. He'll have to draw on his imagination then.

KING. Ah, I forgot, we are penniless. Never since that fatal day when the royal coffers were despoiled of their

treasures, have I had even the price of a nut sundae. But isn't there even a punctured dime to our account?

TUTTI-FRUTTI. The treasurer tells me the royal account is entirely exhausted.

KING (*smiling*). Well, it's been standing so long, it's no wonder it's exhausted. (*Pause.*) I say, it's no wonder it's exhausted. It's a joke, laugh. (TUTTI-FRUTTI *roars.*) That'll do! (TUTTI-FRUTTI *stops instantly.*) Well, if the coffers are empty, something must be done to replenish them. What are we to do?

TUTTI-FRUTTI. I know not, sire; I am at my wit's end.

KING. At your wit's end?

TUTTI-FRUTTI. Yes.

KING. You didn't have to travel far, did you? But we must find some new way of raising money. What's the matter with those shares we had in the ice trust?

TUTTI-FRUTTI. They're worthless.

KING. What's the matter?

TUTTI-FRUTTI. Too much water in the stock. Besides, the treasurer absconded with all the money.

KING. Well, he took things easily. It's more than I can do. (*Beginning to sob.*) Ah, Tutti-Frutti, Toot, old sport, ruin stares me in the face. (*Feeling in his pockets, one after another, sobs increasing.*) Ah, Toot, I have a crying need.

TUTTI-FRUTTI. What is it?

KING. A handkerchief.

TUTTI-FRUTTI. Oh, here you are. (*Hands red bandana.*)

KING. I've had ups and downs in the world, Toot, but I've always been a gay old sport.

Comic duet and dance by KING and TUTTI-FRUTTI. At close, enter POPPY and BAZAZA from L. & E.

KING. Ah, here is my daughter. (*About to kiss her.*) Poppy, my love, let me salute thee.

POPPY. What, you're not going to kiss me? (*Coldly.*)

KING (*taken aback*). Well, that was the idea.

POPPY. Oh, but would it be etiquette? Bazaza, what does the "Journal" say about that?

BAZAZA (*turning leaves as before*). Household hints—er, how to bleach the hair—er—here it is. This is what Miss (*local*) says: "It is perfectly proper for a parent to embrace an adult child at any time after 10 o'clock in the forenoon."

KING. Ah, I thought so. (*Kisses POPPY.*) Um-m-m, simply delicatessen. And now, my dear, what have you decided? Are you going to marry Prince Wallflower and make your old father happy—and rich?

POPPY. No, papa, I won't—

BAZAZA (*interrupting*). Oh, Poppy, my child, don't you know the "Journal"—

POPPY. Oh, by the way, Duchess, won't you show Tutti-Frutti those new tatting patterns in this month's issue? I know he's dying to see them.

BAZAZA. Oh, yes, certainly. (*BAZAZA and TUTTI-FRUTTI retire up stage.*)

KING. But, my dear, I am very anxious to see you wed him. Besides, look how he has pressed his suit.

POPPY. It looks as if he had done it himself.

KING. Well, I don't know what's to be done if you won't have him. I'm so broke I couldn't buy enough red calico to flag a hand car, and—

Enter MESSENGER, running excitedly from R. 3 E.

MESSENGER. Your majesty, your majesty, danger is approaching!

KING. What's that! Danger! (*Grabs TUTTI-FRUTTI, holds him in front, saying:*) Don't be afraid, Toot, I'm behind you. (*All excitement possible.*)

MESSENGER. Some strangers have entered the Valley of Hocus Po. They wear peculiar clothes, with little dinky hats, and utter strange war cries. Listen, even now you can hear them. (*All listen. In distance high school boys heard giving school yell.*)

KING (*badly scared*). H-m, I don't like that at all. But don't be alarmed. Keep cool. Look at me, see how cool I am. Why I'm so cool I positively shiver. (*Shivers violently.*) I think we had better retire; then we can call out

the royal guards. It doesn't matter if *they* get shot—some of them are half shot anyhow. (*Pause.*) It's a joke, laugh! (*They roar.*) That'll do. You see, I'm still a jovial king. (*Exit all hurriedly to L. 1.*)

Pause. Music. Enter JACK, TOM, HARRY and HIGH SCHOOL BOYS R. 2. Solo or chorus. Use good march song.

JACK (*at close of song*). Well, this singing is all right, but if we're going to do any botanizing today we'd better begin. It's getting late.

TOM. Yes, and this is a good place to work, too. Just look at all the flowers around us. And, by jingo, fellows, there's some mistletoe. (*Pointing off. Groans from crowd.*)

HARRY. No use, old man, no fairies here.

TOM. No, I'm afraid there's nothing stirring. But it's a beautiful place. I wonder where it is.

JACK. Search me. It doesn't look as if anyone had ever been here before.

HARRY. It looks almost like fairyland.

TOM. Gee, fellows, the smell of those poppies is beginning to affect him. He's becoming romantic. (*More jeers. N. B.—Don't overdo them.*)

JACK. Now, if you fellows will stop scrapping, my suggestion is that we gather some specimens while the light lasts and then make our camp somewhere about here for the night.

TOM. I'm strong for that myself. (*Exit all but JACK.*)

JACK. Well, I don't blame Harry for being a bit fanciful. This scenery and the scent of the flowers are enough to make any man romantic. But, after all, where can you find a girl like the one you left at home?

Solo by JACK. Sentimental ballad. At close of solo, POPPY enters L., crossing stage; she suddenly sees JACK and starts.

JACK (*bowing*). I beg your pardon, I'm afraid I'm intruding.

POPPY. Oh, not at all; it's I that am in the way.

JACK. Not in mine, I assure you.

POPPY. Have you lost your way?

JACK. Why no, not exactly. That is—you see, I'm a botanist, and I'm looking for specimens. I must confess I don't know just where I am.

POPPY. Why, you're in Poppyland; the fairy land of flowers; in the Valley of Hocus Po.

JACK. You don't say so. Is this really fairyland?

POPPY. Why, yes, of course it is.

JACK. Then I suppose you are a fairy.

POPPY (*with dignity*). Yes; I am a princess.

JACK (*aside*). She's a queen.

POPPY. Perhaps you would like to see my father, the king.

JACK. If I did I would feel like the deuce. (*Aside.*)

POPPY. Are you all alone?

JACK. Oh, no, there's quite a bunch of fellows here. You see, we didn't know we were in fairyland; we couldn't tell, until we saw you. Er—do you think it would be quite safe for us to see the king?

POPPY. Well, he *is* in rather a bad temper just now; he's very angry with me.

JACK. Oh, how wicked. What at?

POPPY. Because I won't marry the man he wants me to.

JACK. Who is it?

POPPY. Oh, he's horrid; old and fat and ugly—his name's Wallflower. Do you know—what a wallflower is?

JACK. Oh, yes, we often see them at the (*local*) dances. Well, it's quite right not to marry him, if you don't like him. But why is your father so anxious to have you marry this Wallflower?

POPPY. Father is very poor, you see, and so he wants me to marry a fortune. Ever since the royal treasury was robbed, we have been penniless.

JACK. When did that happen?

POPPY. Several months ago. The palace was broken into one night and everything stolen; the royal plate, the crown jewels, everything.

JACK. And the robbers were never caught?

POPPY. No, we never had a trace of them. And now

old Wallflower is so rich father is determined that I shall marry him.

JACK. Well, I think I'll have to call on your father and reason with him, and then perhaps I may call on you, too.

POPPY. Oh, will you?

JACK. I'd really like to. I haven't known you very long, but I'm awfully glad we've got acquainted anyway.

Duet, POPPY and JACK. Use light number from musical comedy or take popular song and rearrange words. At close of song, ROSE and TOM enter, very much arm in arm, from L.

ROSE. Why, Poppy dear, I thought I'd lost you.

POPPY. Well, you had, but some one else found me.

TOM. Hullo, Jack, old man, begun collecting specimens already?

JACK (*stiffly, to POPPY*). Allow me to present Mr. Brackett, a friend of mine.

POPPY. And this is the Lady Rose, my companion. (*All bow.*)

TOM. This place is even more beautiful than I thought.

JACK. Yes, we didn't know who lived here when we *first* saw it.

ROSE. And have you found many good specimens?

TOM (*sentimentally*). We have seen some of the most beautiful flowers that grow.

ROSE (*innocently*). Yes, they are beautiful, aren't they?

JACK. Divine.

POPPY. What kind are you most interested in?

JACK. The ones we saw were *daisies*.

TOM. And some were peaches.

ROSE. But there are no peaches at this time of year.

TOM. We saw plenty.

POPPY. But you don't seem accustomed to these scenes.

JACK. No, this is a joy ride for us.

TOM. I'd rather take a walk just now.

JACK. Oh, well, joy rides aren't all made in limousines.

Quartette, JACK, TOM, POPPY and ROSE, with double octette composed of FLOWER FAIRIES and HIGH SCHOOL BOYS. Exit all at close.

Enter KING and WALLFLOWER, L., talking.

KING. I thought she was somewhere about here, but I can't see her. (*Calls.*) Poppy, Pop. No, she's gone. I don't know where she is.

WALLFLOWER. My suit does not seem pleasing to her.

KING. No, she wants to put a check on it.

WALLFLOWER. Of course you know how much I love her.

KING. Yes, I know you do, Wall, old man, and heaven knows I want to see you marry her—I need the money. The trouble is, she doesn't want to marry you, and she's as cranky as a flivver.

WALLFLOWER. Oh, no, don't say she's as bad as that; it's impossible.

KING. Well, I tell you what, you stick around here and you may see her again. There's a little matter of business I must see to at the palace. I've got to order an express wagon and have my deficit hauled over to another bank. If you see Pop, you can take a last hand at persuading her.

WALLFLOWER. I have worried over this till I am sick. I have got so that I can't sleep.

KING. Can't you sleep at all?

WALLFLOWER. Not a bit.

KING. Why don't you try listening to Professor (*local*) jokes?

WALLFLOWER. Oh, I don't need sleep as badly as all that. But at least I can hope that she will love me.

KING. Oh, yes, you can hope—there's nothing on earth to prevent it.

WALLFLOWER. She ought to be glad to marry a rich man.

KING. Yes, there's nothing like it. Why, every time you kiss him, it's like clipping a coupon from a Liberty Bond. But I've got to go. *Au revoir.* (*Exit KING, L. 1 E.*)

WALLFLOWER. (*melodramatic*). The girl spurns me; she

refuses my hand. Ah, Fate, thou hast dealt me a rotten hand. I have a good mind to discard it and call for a fresh deal. And her father—he needs me gold, and yet he cannot force her to obey him. I offered her me love. I thought I'd get a peach, but all I got was a lemon.

(*Solo, WALLFLOWER.*)

WALLFLOWER. But where on earth can that girl be all the time? I strongly disapprove of her going off by herself in this way. She may be wandering in the woods, alone and unprotected. Bazaza ought to know of it. Ah, here she comes now.

Enter BAZAZA, R. I E.

BAZAZA. Have you seen my ward anywhere about?

WALLFLOWER. No, Duchess, I haven't even seen your precinct.

BAZAZA. The child is a great trial to me. Neither will she be guided by the rules of etiquette. Now, the "Journal" says—er—(*turning pages*): "The chaperone should be treated with all consideration. A young man who invites the chaperone to accompany a young lady and himself on a driving or canoeing trip will always make himself extremely popular—with the chaperone."

WALLFLOWER. Ah, Duchess, the "Journal" is certainly a great storehouse of information. But I am alarmed about Poppy.

BAZAZA. Is no one with her?

WALLFLOWER. I fear she is alone; she may be lost; she is unprotected. Let's go in search of her.

BAZAZA. With pleasure. Let me take your arm. (*Gushing.*) Ah, Wallflower, how can anyone resist your charms? We girls are *so* susceptible. Let us go and look for that poor lonely girl. (*Exit both L.*)

Introduce musical drill or dance, led by JACK and POPPY. This should be a big showy number. All exit at close.

Enter PHLOX cautiously from R.

PHLOX. At last I am free. Wallflower, my master, has stayed so long away from home that I have escaped. I, the only one who knows the secret of his wealth. I am the

only one who knows how he robbed the royal treasure house months ago, and how he has since tried to use this very money in buying the hand of the Princess Poppy. Now to find help. Now to be revenged on him who has kept me a slave so long. Ah, here comes some one now.

Enter JACK and TOM from L.

PHLOX. But they are strangers. I know them not. (*Kneeling.*) Mercy, strangers, mercy. (*Grovels at their feet.*)

TOM. Here—what the dickens—say, stop clawing the shine off my shoes, will you?

PHLOX. Mercy from you. (*Turning, still kneeling, to JACK.*)

JACK. Here, excuse me—quit (*to TOM*)—say, who's your friend, anyway?

TOM. I'm not to blame. Here, get up.

PHLOX (*rises*). I have escaped from my master. Wallflower.

JACK AND TOM. Wallflower?

PHLOX. I want vengeance against him. He has robbed the royal treasury and now he wants to marry the fair Princess Poppy.

JACK. Is that how he got all his wealth?

PHLOX. Yes, and now he seeks to—

JACK. Oh, he does, does he? Well, see here, Peasblossom, you've come to the right shop. We are the original Pinkertons on this kind of thing. Where is Wallflower's palace to be found?

PHLOX. Only a few miles from here. (*Points R.*) But you must promise to guard me—

TOM. That's all right. We'll take every care of you, only you must promise not to reveal it to anyone else.

PHLOX. I swear it.

TOM. All right. Now you just ditch over to the royal palace, and we will take care of you, and we'll see what can be done with this Wallflower. (*Exit PHLOX, R.*)

JACK (*turning to TOM*). Oh, I guess that's going some. Robs the old man's treasury and then uses the money in

order to marry his daughter. He must belong to the Royal Order of the Double Cross!

TOM. Now, the next thing to do is to nab the old boy.

JACK. Yes, or else put the King wise. That's what we'd better do. We've got a bid to call tomorrow morning, then we'll give him the story. Oh, just you wait. We won't do a thing to Wallflower. (*Exit both, R.*)

Enter KING and CHAMBERLAIN from L.

KING. This business of running a marriage bureau is an awful strain. Toot, that girl refuses to consider the thing at all.

TUTTI-FRUTTI. It's maddening.

KING. When you were her age, didn't you think seriously of marriage?

TUTTI-FRUTTI. You bet I did—that's why I stayed single.

KING. Toot, you're so bright it's a wonder your folks didn't call you *Son*. But I do wish that girl would obey me. Why, I don't have any more rights around here than a Democrat! (*Localize.*)

Solo by KING, with full chorus. All principals in front row, chorus in second and third. Lively steps or drill as curtain goes down.

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

TIME: *Next morning.* SCENE: *Hall in the palace of HITTEMUP. N. B.—Same scene as Act I may be used if necessary. Rising curtain shows whole company, including principals, grouped on stage, as follows: Bench in center, with KING, TUTTI-FRUTTI and BAZAZA. At right, bench with ROSE and TOM. At left, JACK and POPPY. Place chorus in groups, not in stiff rows across stage.*

Now open with three or four specialties, as if the KING were providing entertainment for the guests. This is a good chance for a solo dance, a comic dance by boy, a duet, or a special fairy drill with hoops, wands or garlands of flowers. Solos for violin or other instruments would go well here. Close with solo by ROSE, and repeat chorus while everybody leaves the stage right and left. As they leave, JACK pulls KING by the arm and draws him back, talking while the others withdraw.

KING. Are you positive he's the man?

JACK. Why, the messenger who told us is his own escaped slave. We kept him at our camp all night, he was so scared Wallflower would catch him.

KING. Well, I am simply—er——I am simply—er—er—that is, your news is so—so—er—so (*desperately*)—well, I'm *mad*, that's all! But still, can we prove it? We've got to get the dope on him somehow.

JACK. Yes, you must not let him know we suspect anything, or he will escape.

KING. He must be made to confess.

JACK. The best way is to scare him into it.

KING. But how?

JACK. Well, he's probably very superstitious.

KING. He is, frightfully. He believes in ghosts, fairies, anything.

JACK. Does he believe everything?

KING. Well, he even believes what he reads in the (*local paper*).

JACK. Then we've got him. Now I have a plan. You must disguise yourself in some way. Why not as a fairy?

KING. A fairy?

JACK. That's the idea. You disguise yourself as queen of the fairies. Then you can claim to be his fairy god-mother, come to hear a confession of all his crimes.

KING. Me as a fairy! (*Affected.*) Oh, aromatic spirits of ammonia! I'll do it! I'll have him scared stiff. Oh, I tell you, I'm some wonder when I get going. We'll convict him on his own evidence and then I'll regain the long lost treasure.

JACK. And in the meantime, King, of course Wallflower is no longer a suitor for your daughter's hand.

KING. Oh, he never did suit her, as far as that goes.

JACK. In that case, I should like to offer myself as a substitute.

KING. Oh—er—well—er—don't you think you ought to see her guardian, the Duchess Bazaza?

JACK. I have seen her, but I'm still willing to take chances.

KING. Well, if you say so; but there's the young lady herself; have you talked with her?

JACK. Not as much as I want to.

KING. You'd better see *her*. She'd like to be consulted in such matters. I'm off to see about that disguise. Me as a fairy! Oh, tanglefoot! (*Exit KING, R.*)

JACK. That's the stunt. And I will look for that girl again. She has certainly won my heart with those eyes that say I love you.

(*Solo, JACK. Use chorus if desired.*)

POPPY enters at close from R.

POPPY. Oh, is it true that this wicked Wallflower is the thief who robbed us of our gold? (*Eagerly.*)

JACK. That's what Phlox says, but we shall soon know for certain. Your father is going to disguise himself as a fairy and scare him into a confession.

POPPY. How can I thank you for helping me to escape

from that monster. When I heard what had happened, I was ready to "dye" for you.

JACK. Oh, I'm glad you didn't. I like your hair so much better just the color it is. It's so beautiful—

POPPY. Oh, don't be silly.

JACK. Is it silly to tell the truth?

POPPY. I don't know that it is the truth.

JACK. Then I must help you find out. Look, there's a dimple.

POPPY. No, that's just a wrinkle.

JACK. There's a lot of difference between a dimple and a wrinkle.

POPPY. How much?

JACK. About twenty years.

POPPY. I sha'n't listen.

JACK. Please do. I want to talk to you about something.

POPPY. What is it?

JACK. About—er—marriage.

POPPY. Marriage is a serious thing.

JACK. It's not half so serious as being single.

POPPY. Besides, you don't even know whether I'm rich or poor.

JACK. What does that matter? Put not your trust in riches.

POPPY. No, it's better to put your riches in trusts.

JACK. That's what my dad did, so I think we could finance the firm, if it were once established.

POPPY. I hope he made it honestly.

JACK. Oh, yes; but you haven't answered my question yet.

POPPY. I didn't know you'd asked it yet.

JACK (*awkwardly*). Well, what I was going to ask was—er—will you, er—that is—

BAZAZA (*heard calling outside*). Poppy, Poppy, my love, where are you?

POPPY. Oh, bother, there's the Duchess again.

JACK. Let's run before she finds us, then I'll have time to explain.

POPPY. All right, let's.

They exit on one side, L., just before BAZAZA enters at R.

BAZAZA (*still calling*). Poppy, my love. (*She enters.*) Why, I thought the girl was here. I wonder where she is. It's time she took her morning lesson in etiquette. That's a very fascinating article in this month's issue that I want her to study. It's written by (*local*) and entitled, "Why are girls afraid of mice and yet so fond of rats?" Very helpful. But, after all, the "Journal" is the place for etiquette, and you know there's nothing in the world like etiquette.

(*Solo, "Etiquette." Air, "Sergeant's Song," from Act II, No. 10, "Pirates of Penzance," by Gilbert and Sullivan. If this song is omitted, introduce some other number, to give the KING time to put on fairy costume.*)

BAZAZA *sings two stanzas, after which enter JACK and POPPY from L.*

BAZAZA. Poppy, my love, I have been looking for you everywhere. You do not inform me of your movements. My child, you shock me.

JACK. Ah well, Duchess, you must remember she's young—very young. Now, in twenty years or so, when she gets to be your age—

BAZAZA (*aghast*). Sir!

JACK (*hastily*). Well, of course—what I meant to say was—

BAZAZA (*haughtily*). Sir, you do not seem to realize that I have seen but twenty-four summers—

JACK (*aside*). She must have been blind for eighteen years! (*Aloud.*) Twenty-four summers? Is it possible it's so much!

BAZAZA. But after all, we must forgive Poppy. We girls are all so susceptible! And for susceptible girls there's nothing like the "Household Journal." (*Sings third stanza with POPPY and JACK. Exit all at close L. 1 E.*)

FIRST VERSE.

When between a wish and duty you're divided, you're
divided,

Quite often in a quandary you get, -ry you get;
In such a case it's safer to be guided, to be guided,
By knowing all the rules of etiquette, etiquette;
And you can always find them in the "Journal," in the
"Journal"

In black and white you plainly find them set. Find
them set.

Its knowledge is so great, it's quite supernal, quite supernal,
Concerning all the rules of etiquette, etiquette.

CHORUS.

Yes, in black and white you always find them set, find
them set.

The "Journal" is the place for etiquette, etiquette.

. SECOND VERSE.

For girls who meet their beaux and go to luncheon, go to
luncheon,

The "Journal's" always full of good advice, good advice.
He brings a box of choc'lates and you munch 'em, yes you
munch 'em;

Oh, dear, you know, it's really awf'ly nice, awf'ly nice.
And then the man who goes to call on Sunday, call on
Sunday,

A copy of the "Journal" he should read, he should read,
For there's a chance that he will get through nobly, get
through nobly,

If all the points in etiquette he'll heed, 'quette he'll heed.

CHORUS.

If questions of behavior chance to fret, chance to fret,
The "Journal" is the place for etiquette, etiquette.

THIRD VERSE.

So, if you want advice on getting married, getting married,
Or if you want to write a little note, little note,

There's never any need for getting worried, getting worried.

The "Journal" is the safest thing to quote, thing to
quote.

On details of deportment it's extensive, it's extensive,
 No matter in what argument you get, -ment you get,
 The "Journal" is a manual comprehensive, comprehensive,
 On everything concerning etiquette.

CHORUS.

If questions of behavior chance to fret, chance to fret,
 The "Journal" is the place for etiquette, etiquette.

A pause, then enter from right KING, disguised as FAIRY QUEEN, and TUTTI-FRUTTI. N. B.—The KING'S costume should be as comic as possible. Flaxen wig on top of his own bald one, low-necked bodice, gauze skirt like a ballet dancer, pink or blue tights, shoes with buckles. He carries wand with star or flower on tip. Don't be afraid of overdoing the comic feature.

KING. How do you think I look? (*Turning and posing.*)

TUTTI-FRUTTI. Splendid, your majesty.

KING. Oh, sweet essence of witch hazel! How does this skirt set in the back? (*Feeling it.*)

TUTTI-FRUTTI. It's exactly right.

KING. I hope so; but I can't help feeling that a few plaited flounces would give an effect of fullness. Don't you think a little mousseline de soie would improve it? (*N. B. Add any modern dress terms.*)

TUTTI-FRUTTI. Perhaps; but I should try mayonnaise dressing.

KING. Well, as long as the tout and scramble is good, I don't mind so much about the—er—the—that is, I don't mind that—well, what I wanted to say was that as long as the tout and scramble is good, I don't mind about the—er—the—(*giving up hunting for the right word*) well, I don't care a darn how the rest looks! By the way, Toot, who invented the sewing machine?

TUTTI-FRUTTI. Howe.

KING. I said, who invented the sewing machine?

TUTTI-FRUTTI. I said Howe.

KING. What's the matter? Are you deaf? (*Louder.*)
 Who invented the sewing machine?

TUTTI-FRUTTI. I heard you perfectly well.

KING. Then why don't you answer?

TUTTI-FRUTTI. I did answer.

KING. *How* did you answer?

TUTTI-FRUTTI. Yes.

KING. Yes, what?

TUTTI-FRUTTI. That's what I answered.

KING. Answered me?

TUTTI-FRUTTI. Yes.

KING. When?

TUTTI-FRUTTI. Right now.

KING. Now see here, I'll ask it once more. Who invented the sewing machine?

TUTTI-FRUTTI. I told you Howe.

KING. I didn't ask you how, I asked who.

TUTTI-FRUTTI. And I said—

KING. Don't say it! You don't seem able to understand a single thing I say. What's the matter? You must be a telephone central.

TUTTI-FRUTTI. No, sire, but—

KING. I'll give you one more chance; but remember, whatever you say, you're not to say *How*.

TUTTI-FRUTTI. But I can't—

KING. Can't what?

TUTTI-FRUTTI. But I can't answer you unless I say—

KING. Oh, you can't answer. Well, what on earth are you taking up time for, if you don't know anything about the question? This isn't a student body meeting. That'll do. Shut up. All we want out of you is silence—and very little of that. Did you notify Wallflower that I wished to see him here this morning?

TUTTI-FRUTTI. Yes, sire. He ought to be here soon. I sent a messenger half an hour ago, to tell him you were ready to give him an audience.

KING. To do what?

TUTTI-FRUTTI. To give him an audience.

KING. Why, I don't want to give him the audience—I want to keep it. Why, this is the best audience we've ever

had for a High School Show. Just look at 'em out there. (*Pointing.*) Do you suppose I'd want to lose an audience like that? Why, there are even some faculty members.

TUTTI-FRUTTI. Well, in any case he ought to come soon.

KING. Very well, we had better withdraw and practice that incantation business again. I feel so cute in this get up. I think some one would like me for a sweetheart.

(*Solo or duct. If possible, use song suitable for girl. Exit both L. at close.*)

Enter ROSE and TOM, R., talking.

ROSE. Sometime, if you like, I'll show you our family tree.

TOM. I'm sure it must be a peach.

ROSE. Let's change the subject. Wasn't it very cold camping out last night?

TOM. No, it wasn't cold, but there were some mosquitoes about.

ROSE. Oh, were they thick?

TOM. No, they were the long, thin kind, but they were hard workers.

ROSE. Something ought to be done about the mosquitoes 'round here. Don't you think coal oil is good for them?

TOM. Well, not from the mosquitoes' point of view.

ROSE. Now, you haven't told me anything about the place you came from. Where is this high school?

TOM. It's located in (*local*), whose shores are washed by the blue waters of the (*lake, river, etc.*).

ROSE. What makes the water blue?

TOM. Well, you'd be blue if you had to wash (*local*).

ROSE.. And what sort of a place is (*local*)? Anything like this?

TOM. But see here, you're switching me off the subject. I wanted to talk about something else.

ROSE. What? (*Twisting handkerchief.*)

TOM. Can't you guess?

ROSE. Why should I be guessing? This isn't the day before grades come out.

TOM. Now, see here, you're dodging.

ROSE. I'm not.

TOM. Then why are you twisting that handkerchief all up?

ROSE. I was just trying to tie a knot.

TOM. What kind of a knot?

ROSE (*innocently*). A true lover's knot. Do you know how to tie one?

TOM. No, but I know a minister who does.

ROSE. Oh, Tom, this is so sudden.

TOM. Well, what of it? Will you let him?

ROSE. But are you sure you love me?

TOM. Now, you needn't ask questions like that. What's the use?

(*Duct, ROSE and TOM, with chorus if desired. Use popular song, with boy and girl taking alternate lines. Dance or drill for chorus. Exit at close.*)

Enter WALLFLOWER, R. I E.

WALLFLOWER. Aha! The hour of me triumph must be nigh. The king has sent word that he wishes to see me on important business. Important business! That can mean only one thing. He has persuaded his daughter to accept my proffered hand and fortune. Fortune, i' faith. Little does he suspect where that fortune came from. His own wealth. ha-ha-ha-ha (*heavy villain laugh*) ha-ha, 'tis his own gold with which I win her. Hark! I hear a footstep. That must be he. He comes to tell me of me joy. (*The lights blink and jerk two or three times.*) Ye gods, what is that? It must be lightning, or else the trolley pole is off the wire again!

The lights go out suddenly, leaving the spot light only. Into this the KING, disguised as a FAIRY, skips heavily from L. and poses in burlesque of fairy attitude. N. B.—Stereopticon or strong flashlight will serve for spotlight.

WALLFLOWER. Merciful heavens, what is that? (*Falls on knees.*)

KING (*falsetto*). Thy evil spirit, O miscreant.

WALLFLOWER. Oh, speak to me, good fairy, speak. What wouldst thou?

KING. I wouldst a word with thee. I am thy guardian fairy, keeping watch over thy destiny. Thou hast done wrong. Speak, what is it?

WALLFLOWER. Nothing, oh queen, nothing.

KING (*aside*). He called me a queen! Oh, sprinkle me with Coca-Cola! Why I don't even look like a girl from (*localize*). (*Aloud.*) Deny it not. Thou hast done evil. Confess.

WALLFLOWER. Alas! I am lost.

KING. No, you're not; you're found!

WALLFLOWER. Dost thou know all?

KING. I dostest. Thou robbed-s-t—dest—bedst; that is, thou robbstedst—er—ro—rob (*in despair*). You stole the King's treasure!

WALLFLOWER. I see concealment is useless. I did.

KING. Ha, ha, a confession. Rise, wretch, and salute (*strikes attitude*) your King. (*Lights full on.*) (*Removes wig. N. B.—Have fairy wig resting lightly on bald one.*)

WALLFLOWER (*thunderstruck*). Ye gods! 'Tis he. Oh, mercy, your highness, mercy. (*Falls to floor.*)

KING. We'll see about that. First, I must have me treasure.

WALLFLOWER. I'll give it up—everything.

KING. Good. Then a punishment must be inflicted. But what shall it be? Let me think. I like boiling oil myself—or hot pitch. Well, I must think it over. (*Stamps.*) What ho, without?

Several ATTENDANTS enter.

KING. Take this man. Escort him to his bungalow. Seize all the treasure it contains and bring it here. But do not let the prisoner escape, on any account whatever. Go! (*Exit WALLFLOWER and guards, R.U.E. KING, putting wig on again, wrong side before.*) Dear me! It is wonderful what a disguise will do. This hair looks so natural anybody would suppose it grew on me. It looks just as natural as lots of the hair you see about the campus. That young

man is a life saver. I must reward him. And I don't think Poppy will require much persuading this time.

Enter TUTTI-FRUTTI from L.

KING. Hullo, Toot, do you know where our young high school friends are?

TUTTI-FRUTTI. I think they are strolling in the garden with your daughter and her friends. The young ladies seem to find them attractive.

KING. Well, yes, I rather think so myself. It looks to me, from what I saw in the garden, as if the young ladies had started a match factory. I tell you what, Toot, they ought to have a woman for the president of the match trust. (*Pause.*) I say they ought to have a woman for the president of the match trust. It's a joke—laugh! (TUTTI-FRUTTI roars.) That'll do. Now, the next thing is to decide what's to be done with Wallflower. Some punishment must be devised for him; some frightful, horrid torture.

TUTTI-FRUTTI. Let's make him board at (*localize*).

KING. It must be something even worse than that.

TUTTI-FRUTTI. Make him, etc. (*Localize.*)

KING. The very thing. I'll see about it, for of all the things we could do—

Enter MESSENGER from L., interrupting.

MESSENGER. May it please your majesty—

KING. It doesn't please me at all. What is it?

MESSENGER. There's a gentleman in the hall who wishes to see you.

KING. Tell him to take a chair.

MESSENGER. Yes, sire, but he says he is going to take all of them; he's the man from the installment house.

KING. In that case, I'd better see him at once. We can't afford to lose the furniture, with company in the house. (*Exit KING and MESSENGER to L.*)

TUTTI-FRUTTI. I hope he doesn't have a quarrel. He's so hot-tempered when he gets started.

(*Solo, TUTTI-FRUTTI. Use good comic song.*)

Enter KING at close.

KING. Well, I've stood him off for a while longer, and now to settle other family affairs.

TUTTI-FRUTTI. What did you tell him?

KING. He said he couldn't be calling every day for his money, so I told him to call every Saturday for awhile. By the way, I wonder where Poppy is?

POPPY and JACK *appear at back, with arms entwined, L. U. E.*

TUTTI-FRUTTI (*sees them*). I think she's engaged at present.

KING (*looking*). Yes, she certainly acts as if she were.

POPPY (*seeing KING*). Oh, there you are, daddy. We've been looking for you everywhere. (*Comes forward with JACK, holding hands.*)

KING. Well, you've always managed to see me in time, until now.

JACK. But we're on business now, sir. I have come to ask you for your daughter's hand.

KING. It looks as if you've got it already. And you really love each other?

POPPY. We are two souls with but a single thought.

KING. A single thought, eh? Well, it's not much, but it's more than most young people have when they are in love. Now are you sure this is not simply a flirtation?

JACK. Oh, no, sir; flirtation is simply attention without intention, but we—

KING. In that case I give my consent, and—(*great racket heard outside*). Great hickory! What's that?

Enter four KING'S ATTENDANTS, struggling with WALL-FLOWER, followed by POPPY, MAIDS and MEN, and all cast and chorus, everybody in play except BAZAZA.

GUARD (*or MESSENGER*). We have him, your majesty, and the treasure has been recovered.

KING. Aha, villain, we have you at last. Seven long years have we waited for this—

WALLFLOWER (*on knees*). Mercy, oh King, oh, mercy—

KING (*disgusted*). Oh, mercy! For goodness sake, don't use those ladylike swear-words. Swear like a man, if you want to swear. Say darn.

WALLFLOWER. Darn!

KING. Now, villain, hear the doom to be meted out to you. You are condemned to live in Hoboken (*localise*).

WALLFLOWER. Oh, no, no! Death, death a thousand times, rather than that!

POPPY. Don't you think it would be less brutal, daddy, to make him serve a penance of some kind?

KING. But what?

POPPY. Why not make him marry Bazaza?

KING. We'll do it. No greater penance could be devised. Where is Bazaza?

POPPY. I think she's upstairs, daddy. The maid is arranging her hair.

KING. Well, I don't think it's necessary for Bazaza to stay in the room while it's done. Let some one call her.

Enter BAZAZA, intently reading her magazine.

KING. Oh, here she is. Bazaza, you're wanted.

BAZAZA. I have found the most useful article here on advice to June brides and—

KING. Good, you'll need it, for you are to marry Wallflower.

BAZAZA (*flinging "Journal" into audience*). What! A man at last! (*Rushes upon WALLFLOWER and embraces him frantically.*)

KING. Ah, I think you are true lovers, not! (*Pause.*) I say I think they are true lovers, not. It's a joke—laugh! (*All roar.*) That'll do. You see, I'm resolved to the last to be a royal cut-up.

Finalé, by entire cast and chorus. Repeat two or three of the best tunes of the show.

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